

When will Mummy be back?

by quwira

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Summary: Valhallarama loves the adventure, but Stoick feels it might be putting a strain on their lives.

When will Mummy be back?

Valhallarama was often away questing. Stoick had accepted this part of her when he married her. She loved the adventure and thrill that came with being at sea, with discovering new places and fighting new enemies. Valhallarama would come home, and kiss him, and tickle Hiccup, and regale tales from her voyages. Even though she smiled and doted over their son, Stoick could tell her heart yearned to be on the move again. He never stopped her. He suspected if it weren't for him and Hiccup, she mightn't come back at all.

She always smelt of the ocean, and even in his old age, Stoick found the smell comforting. It would remind him of her boisterous laugh, and her affectionate, tender side that she only showed to him and Hiccup.

Stoick was often very busy with his chiefly duties, and sometimes barely had time to miss her when she was away. But he could tell Hiccup did. One of the hardest questions he had to answer was "When will Mummy be back?" Eventually, he knew something had to be done.

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><p>"Isn't he sweet?" Valhallarama asked, beaming at her tiny son, who was sleeping soundly.<p>

"He's got your eyes," said Stoick, smiling also. He would never admit this, but he did find Hiccup adorable. "And your curiosity."

"You think?"

Stoick sighed. "Valhallarama, Can we talk?"

She raised an eyebrow at him. "Sure." He motioned her out of the room, and left Hiccup dreaming in peace.

She sat down by the fire. "What's on your mind?"

"I think Hiccup misses you a lot," said Stoick.

Valhallarama nodded. "I miss him too, and you."

"I just think it might be better if you were home more often."

Her expression hardened. "What do you mean?" She wanted to yell, but was afraid of waking her precious boy. "You said-â€| you said, on our _wedding day_ that you would never tie me down. That you'd never make me stay, you _promised_."

"Not what I meant, Vally," reassured Stoick.

Valhallarama pouted a little. "You know I hate it when you call me Vally."

"Hear me out." Stoick stood, and started pacing a little. "I just think you could stand to come home more often."

"I'm home now," Valhallarama pointed out.

"After four months of being at sea!" Stoick half-shouted. He slumped back into his chair. "Hiccup needs his mother, Valhallarama."

She turned her face away. "I'm sorry," she murmured. She sniffed, and Stoick saw the slightest tremble in her shoulder.

He got up again and rested a hand on her shoulder. "Hey, it's alright. I'm not blaming you." She looked up at him, her eyes shinier than usual. This was the closest he had come to seeing her cry. "I just want you to promise me, that you'll be home more often, maybe every month, or two months at the latest. And you'll stay here a little longer when you do come back."

She sniffed again. "What if I wanted to go on a quest that would take longer?"

"Tell me first," Stoick said. "Not to get permission, but so I know how long you think you'll be gone."

"That sounds fair," Valhallarama said. Suddenly, she grabbed her husband and hugged him tight. He held her just as tightly.

"Hiccup's not the only one who misses you."

"I know."

He stroked her hair, wavy from the plaits it had been in that day. "I worry about you."

He could feel her nodding against his chest. "Me too."

They stood there for a minute, just holding each other.

"I love you," said Valhallarama.

Stoick chuckled softly. "I love you too."

"Thank you," she said. "For everything."

* * *

><p>Valhallarama did stay longer in Berk than what she originally intended, after that conversation. She spent every minute she could playing with Hiccup, who loved the attention. She told him harrowing stories about trolls, ("Why you tell him those stories?" Stoick said when he found out. "Now he's going to want me to take him hunting for them!" Valhallarama just laughed.) But eventually, she did have to leave, with promises to be home sooner. Stoick knew, that she intended to keep that promise.<p>

* * *

><p>A little over a month passed before her fleet was seen on the horizon. Stoick smiled when his scouts told him the news. He knew she could do it.<p>

He rushed to the docks to meet her. There was her ship coming in. Stoick frowned. Something was not right. The sail was torn badly, and the hull had been damaged something fierce. He was surprised it was still floating. The men that came off the boat looked sombre and beaten. One of them limped up to Stoick, and handed him a Viking's helmet. He stared at it wide eyed. There was a scratch from a dragon attack, and a nick from a Roman's spear. There were even a few auburny-brown strands of hair caught inside. Despite his best efforts, tears started rolling down his cheeks. Even though many people saw, no one ever mentioned the day the chief cried.

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><p>He was told, that the ship had accidentally stumbled into a wild dragon's nest. The mother dragon assumed they were after her eggs and attacked. Valhallarama had lead the counter attack. They had fought valiantly, but another dragon had emerged from the shadows. This dragon had seized Valhallarama, and hoisted her into the air. It had let her drop back onto the boat. She had hit the side of the boat, then slid into the water. The men had managed to drag her back onto the deck and, somehow, escape the dragons. She was quite severely injured, but alive. They immediately set sail for Berk.<p>

The next day, they ran into a storm. Valhallarama was powerless to help, but the other Vikings ran about, patching holes and putting away sails and ropes, all while being brutally thrashed by the waves.

The ocean finally calmed, but Valhallarama was no where to be found. The only thing left was her helmet. They assumed she had been thrown overboard while everyone was busy making sure the boat didn't sink. While normally she was an excellent swimmer, her injuries probably restricted her, and she drowned, helpless to do anything.

* * *

><p>Stoick held his shaking son, as they watched the funeral pyre

float away, burning brightly against the setting sun. It didn't hold her body of course, it was more of a symbolic thing. It did contain her helmet though, as well as her axe and shield. The smoke made him choke a little.<p>

He could feel the damp spots Hiccup's tears were making on his tunic. He had seen enough death and funeral pyres in his young life to know what it meant.

Stoick remembered all the times Hiccup had asked "When will Mummy be back?" He had thought it a difficult question to answer then, but now he knew it was a million times easier than having to tell his son that his mother had died. Mummy was not coming back.

* * *

><p>In actual fact Valhallarama loved being called Vally by Stoick. But she'd never admit it cause it sounds girly.
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This is something that had been rattling in my head. It might potentially be important for another HTTYD story I am writing, which I don't know when it will be published, as it is much longer than I thought it would be.

Anyway, thanks for reading. feel free to review and let me know what you thought, would love to hear from you :)

End
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